

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

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"A LEAL LASS."

By RICHARD ASHE KING.

CHAPTER IV. "ALNASCHAR."

"How are you to-day, Con?" asked the Vicar cheerily, on the morning after Hugh's arrival. May, having terrible visions of Con dropping dead suddenly of heart-disease, had decided to hint to her father his need of rest and advice. Acting upon this hint the Vicar had come out after breakfast to enquire into the state of Con's health.

"How are you to-day, Con?"

"Finely, yere rivivence."

"Miss May is worrying herself about you."

"See that, now!" cried Con in admiration of May's solicitude about him.

"She thinks you're killing yourself with work," said the Vicar, laughing.

"I'm in dhread the crowner 'ill niver bring it in that, yere rivivence," Con rejoined, with a responsive grin, while shoving his old caubeen aside to scratch his head.

"What put it into her head that you weren't well, I wonder?"

"Well, yere rivivence, to tell ye the thruth, it was meself. She was always spindin' her bit o' money in buyin' 'baccy for me, and I tould her me hearrt had a touch of the asthma, an' the dochter was agin me shmokin'—that's how it was, yere rivivence."

"I wish you hadn't told her such a story, Con."

"Faix thin, yere rivivence, ye don't wish it more nor meself. I've to shtale ivery whiff I take, in dhread of her seein' me."

"It was for that you nearly smoked us out of the dining-room last night, burning those weeds!"

"It was so," replied Con with perfect complacency. "Bat ye'll say nothin' about her buyin' bits o' 'baccy for me to Miss Pim, yere rivivence?" he added anxiously.

"To Miss Pim?"

"Shure she hardly lets her nexst or near me now, at all, at all. If she sees her pass the time o' day to me she calls her off, as if I'd the small-pox on me. She's in dhread of her catchin' Poper of me, I'm thinkin'!" cried Con, with biting bitterness.

"I don't think she knows what your religion is, Con," the Vicar answered soothingly. He was disgusted with Miss Pim's snobbery; but he could not well say so to Con.

"'Tisn't complainin' I am, yere rivivence. Sorra a bit I'd mind if she rained papishts an' shnawed thracs an me all day. Maybe, it's for the good of her own sowl she's doin' it, an' divil a ha'porth of harrum she does mine. But here's where it is, yere rivivence, axin' yere pardon for the freedom I'm takin'."

As Con paused here for encouragement, the Vicar said:

"Tut! Con, we're too old friends to be afraid of offending one another at this time of day."

Con was exceedingly gratified by this compliment—the highest that could be paid him.

"Thank ye kindly, yere rivivence," he replied, touching his caubeen humbly, to show that if the Vicar chose to overlook his position as a servant, he did not himself forget it. "It's Miss May, yere rivivence, I was thinkin' on. She's thryin' to clip the nathur out of her, like that

three," he said, pointing to a hollybush which was clipped till it looked like a mop. "She" being, of course, Miss Pim. "She is so. Miss May, Heaven bless her! can no more help bein' a lady nor a rose can help smellin'; and Misther Hugh says to me, 'Con!' says he. 'Yes, Misther Hugh,' says I, 'I've been all over the worruld, Con,' says he, 'an' seen as many sowrts of ladies as there's flowers in this gardin', says he, 'but I've niver seen wan that was more to Miss May nor a daisy's to a rose,' says he. 'There isn't her likes in this parrt of the country anyway,' says I. 'No,' says he, 'nor in Lunnon, nor Amerikey; an' sorra a wan 'ill be fit to hould a candle to her when she grows up either, in spite of Miss Pim,' says he. 'Ah shure, Misther Hugh,' says I, 'Miss Pim's coom to larn her to be a lady,' says I. 'Larn a lark to sing wid a whist!e!' says he. 'Miss May wants no larnin' to be a lady, an' it isn't from Miss Pim she'd get it, if she did,' says he."

The Vicar wondered within himself from what germ of a remark of Hugh's Con had developed, after his manner, this highly florid, figurative, and un-Hugh-like conversation. Hugh had certainly said something, for Con built always upon some base; but it was little likely that Hugh would discuss Miss Pim so freely to Con, even if he had known enough of her to speak in this decided way. He determined to sound Hugh upon the subject, in the hope of inducing him to use his influence with the infatuated Mrs. Beresford to disenchant her with Miss Pim. For Mrs. Beresford had an even higher opinion of "the Hogshire Greys" than of Miss Pim's last employers. It was a very delicate subject to broach, perhaps, even to such a friend as Hugh; but their common interest in May seemed to justify the confidence. Accordingly, as they set out for a walk together through the woods—leaving May to Miss Pim's tender mercies—the Vicar began:

"Poor May looked as piteous as Fan used, when you were off to the woods in old days, and had to leave her behind."

Fan was a setter, and an incorrigible poacher.

"I was just going to ask you to get that governess to give her—and me—a holiday during my visit. I assure you, I looked forward more to seeing her than anyone in England—even of my own people."

The Vicar was greatly pleased, and touched, too.

"Well, she has played Elaine to your Lancelot," he said, having the school-master's habit of quotation and allusion. "There was hardly a day in which she did not speak of you; and all her landmarks in every walk we take are places where Hugh did this, or that, or the other."

Hugh remained silent. Presently the Vicar said:

"I'm afraid this new governess is rather a trial to her."

"I was going to speak to you about her, sir, if—if I might take the liberty," Hugh replied hesitatively.

"And I was going to take the liberty to speak about her to you," rejoined the Vicar, laughing. "I was going to ask you to use your influence with my wife to change her governess."

"My influence! I'm afraid Mrs. Beresford would think no better of my opinion about teaching than you used to think, sir. You remember?"

"There's no better judge of the kind of teaching I mean than yourself, Hugh—the teaching of what I may call nice-mindedness. Now I have a strong suspicion that Miss Pim is nice-minded only in the sense Swift meant when he said, 'A nice man is a man of nasty ideas.' She's rather like a fussy and slatternly maid, who soils with her grimy hands the perfectly pure cup or platter she sets about to clean. I mean that she's likely to put silly, or worse than silly ideas into a child's head under pretence of taking them out—eh?"

"It was something like that I was going to say to you myself, sir."

"Why? How did you manage to take her measure so soon?"

"From some things May told me; and from the fuss Miss Pim made about our walk together yesterday."

"Just so; she spoke as if you had quite compromised the child!"

"I fancy she'll not speak so again, sir," Hugh said, smiling at the recollection of the biting sarcasm wherewith the Vicar had reproved Miss Pim.

"I was wrong to get into a rage about it; but there have been so many things of the same kind of late that I was quite out of patience with her. However, I apologised to her afterwards. The fact is, she can't help herself; and to scold her is like the boy's upbraiding of the frog he pelted, 'I'll larn you to be a toad!'"

"It's a pity for May, though."

"Of course it is; and that is why I

want you to help me to disenchant my wife with Miss Pim. She had such high testimonials from such high people that my wife will hardly trust the evidence of her own eyes or ears. As for me, she thinks me prejudiced because I object to the young lady's appropriation of my Curate. However, I fancy that a combined assault from you and me together would be effective."

"I'm afraid Mrs. Beresford would think my interference a piece of impertinence."

"She would think nothing an impertinence from you; and she knows, besides, your deep interest in May."

Then Hugh said a surprising thing, surprising to the Vicar and even to himself afterwards.

"I don't think that either she or you know how deep it is." And then, after a pause, he added: "I hope one day to win her, sir, as my wife."

The Vicar stood still, struck dumb for a moment with astonishment, and then exclaimed, "My dear Hugh!"

"I couldn't help telling you, sir, as it didn't seem right, somehow, to think of such a thing without letting you know."

"But she's so mere a child, and there may be so many changes of all kinds before she's a woman."

"Of course, sir, I meant only that I should never change about this. I have had it in my thoughts every day since I left here, and I shall have it in my thoughts more than ever when I go back. But I know that the chances are all against her coming to care in that way for me when she grows up—even the way she cares for me now is against it. Still it is the thing I mean to live for, and work for, and I can only take my chance when the time comes. Yet, I shall never change about this, sir, never." Hugh spoke with a fervour and determination which meant so much from him that the Vicar was convinced of the force and constancy of his resolution.

"Well," he replied presently, "I cannot imagine her, nor could I ever bear to imagine her, as anything but a child. However, as the time must come, I suppose, when she will leave me for some one or the other, I can say with all my heart that I would rather it were for you than for any one else in the world."

"Thank you, sir."

There was then rather a long silence which Hugh at last broke.

"I'm afraid, sir, you feel that I ought

not to have spoken, or even thought, of such a thing?" he said patiently.

"No, Hugh, no; I was startled, that's all."

"You see, sir, I have thought it over and over so often that it has become almost part of myself; and I think that if you know how the thought has kept me straight in many and many a temptation you would be glad that I had it."

"I can't realise it; that's all, my boy," rejoined the Vicar with a sigh; and he then changed the conversation.

Presently, however, he reverted to the subject abruptly and irrelevantly.

"I'm afraid you will think that I'm jealous of you about May, Hugh; and perhaps there's something of this at the bottom of my feeling in the matter; but, besides, it was a kind of shock to me to imagine such a thing. You can understand."

"Of course, sir; but I didn't think it right somehow, to have this always in my thoughts, without telling you about it. I suppose, too, that I've got so used to looking forward to it, that it has ceased to be strange to me."

"Well, Hugh, I could not wish anything better for her, or for you either, if I may say so; but it's too far off, even to think about—at least, for me to think about," he added, smiling.

Nevertheless, he thought a good deal about it without venturing to take his good wife into his confidence. She would certainly be shocked, and probably be annoyed, and even offended, with Hugh. Great, therefore, was his amazement when the first thing she said to him, in their usual nightly conference before sleeping, was:

"Did you ever see anything like Hugh's infatuation for May? He is just over head and ears in love with her."

"What! with a child like that!" exclaimed the diplomatic Vicar.

"He's just the sort of man to be more in love with a child than with a woman. He's very nice, I don't think he could be nicer in any way, but he's a Don Quixote kind of man."

"You mean he's in love in the old chivalrous way," said the Vicar, astonished by his wife's penetration, both into Hugh's secret and into his character. "Yes; he would almost fall in love with a woman only because she was helpless, or because he had saved her, or something; and then he would love her in that superfine, Don Quixote way, as if she were a goddess."

"He'll have a very fine property, too, when his father dies, and there's no better family in Hogshire!" exclaimed his wife enthusiastically.

"Which have you arranged for first—his father's funeral, or his marriage to May?" asked her husband.

"I'm always wrong, of course! But, as sure as your name's George Beresford—if he lives and May lives—he will come back one of these days to propose for her!"

"So he says himself."

"What!"

"So he told me to-day, himself. He said he hoped, if he lived, to come back to propose for her."

"He told you that!"

"I don't see why you should be so surprised at it, my dear, since you have just told it to me yourself."

"Was he asking your consent?"

"No, not exactly; he thought it right to tell me what was in his mind."

"It would have been in better taste to have spoken to me about it," cried Mrs. Beresford, whose ruling passion was jealousy.

"Oh, nonsense! He couldn't have brought himself to speak about it to you."

"I don't see why."

"If you don't see why at once, all the words in the world won't explain it to you."

"Well, I don't." Then, after a pause, she asked: "Did he speak about it to May?"

"Speak about it to May! If you could suppose that he'd speak to May about it, you might well suppose he would speak about it to you. Of course he couldn't suggest such a thing to the child. On the contrary, he's exceedingly angry with that kitchen-maid-minded Miss Pim, for trying to fasten the idea into May's head."

"Miss Pim! Why, I heard her myself give May a long lecture for having it in her head!"

"Did you ever try, my dear, to brush flue out of fur with a clothes' brush? The harder you brush it, the closer it sticks. Here's a jest about a sweetheart that lies as light as flue on the child's mind, to be blown away by a breath; and that woman with her coarse brush does all she can to drive it well in. She's a thoroughly vulgar-minded woman, and Hugh is as uneasy as I am about the effect of her influence upon the child."

"He's making very sure of her."

"He isn't at all. He fears that she'll

never come to care for him in any other way than she does now; but he doesn't want her to grow up a Miss Pim all the same."

After a tough battle over Miss Pim, in which Mrs. Beresford fought so fretfully on the side of the governess, that it was plain her own faith in her was shaken—for a prejudice is always most violent at the moment of its being exorcised. After this Pyrrhic battle, Mrs. Beresford crowed the Vicar asleep with pæans upon her own amazing penetration into Hugh's feelings and intentions.

Thus the Vicar, his wife, Miss Pim, and even Hugh himself, for different reasons, thought it wrong for May to have it put seriously into her head that Hugh meant one day to make her his wife if he could. Not so Con, who, on the whole, when May's character is considered, was really the wisest in this matter.

"Oh, Con, smoking!" May cried in a pathetic tone of remonstrance on surprising that wily diplomatist next morning cowering beneath the shelter of a stack of peastakes to suck away at his pipe with the voracity of a famished farmed-out baby at its bottle.

"Just a dhrass, Miss May. The docther he says I mustn't give it up all at wanst; annything suddint, he says, might be after givin' a shock to the heartt. 'Con,' says he, 'you must take a dhrass of it three times a day afther a meal,' says he, 'to let the heartt down aisy,' says he; 'for it's a suddint shock that cracks the heartt like a hollow nut,' says he."

This prescription of a "dhrass," to be taken three times a day, after a meal, sounded sufficiently medical to impose upon May, who said only:

"But you mustn't smoke more than that, Con."

"See that now! That's just what the docther said. 'You mushn't smoke more nor that, Con,' he said," Con cried with an admirable assumption of amazement at May's sagacity.

"Here is the name of the orchid Mr. Hugh gave you yesterday, to try to grow for me, Con," May said, reading out the name from a slip of paper—"Cattleya gigas."

Now, Con never pleaded direct ignorance of anything; least of all, of his own business.

"I thought it was wan of thim sowrt, Miss May."

"You know it, Con!"

"Shure it's an orchid, it is, miss," he replied, as if it were but a small matter for him to know all about so simple a thing.

"Mr. Hugh didn't think you'd know it."

"Och! Know it! It's wan of thim furrin orchids from Amerikey."

"Yes; he brought it from America."

"Whiriver he brought it from it's an American orchid, as the name 'ud tell ye, miss."

"It's Latin, Con," May said with some pride. "I wonder why they give all flowers Latin names?"

"It's this way it is, miss. Latin is as ould as the flowers is, and they've kep' the names Adam gev' 'em," Con explained, knowing that his Bible was in Latin. Fearing, however, that he was getting a bit out of his depth, he hurried on to say: "What do ye think, Miss May, I've bought for Mither Hugh to plant wid his own hands?"

"What, Con?"

"A shlip of an orange three, miss!" Con answered, grinning significantly. "An' it's our own orange blossoms we'll have when he comes home for the weddin'."

"What wedding?"

"Your weddin', miss, to be sure! When I says to him, 'Ah, thin, Mither Hugh,' I says, 'it isn't married ye are yet?' he says, 'I'm too young to think of that, Con, for six or seven years yet.' 'Six or seven years!' I says. 'Miss May'll be grown up by thin,' I says, 'and there isn't the likes of her,' I says, 'in this counthry anywhere,' I says. 'No, nor anywhere else,' he says. 'I've never seen the likes of her, an' I niver will,' he says. 'She's worth waitin' for,' I says. 'Ay, Heaven bless her!' he says. 'Amen,' says I. 'Heaven bless her—and spare her and you to aich other, an' me to dance at yere weddin', I says."

May was too young to see anything extraordinary in Hugh's thus unbosoming himself to Con, and too young even to have discovered Con's weakness and strength—the amazing imaginative forcing power by which he developed the full-blown flower of a conversation out of the merest seedling. But she had a better basis for the future day-dreams of her life, in some indiscreet words of her mother—spoken long after Hugh's return to America—which convinced the child that he had spoken to her also of his intention one day to claim her as his wife.

AN IMPRISONED DIPLOMATIST.

MR. WASHBURNE was, in 1869, sent as United States' Minister to France. He was hand-in-glove with the Emperor and Empress, and judged that the former was "a great deal better than the Ministers who surrounded him; though his 'coup d'état' must go down in history as one of the blackest crimes that ever smirched the ruler of a great people." The Empress—who interfered too much in politics, and was the instigator of the Mexican, if not, also, of the Franco-Prussian war—made a great deal of the American ladies; "their beauty, grace, and splendid toilettes added so much to the brilliancy of her fêtes." In fact, the last grand dinner at the Tuileries, just a month before war was declared, was in honour of the United States' Minister and Mrs. Washburne. But what gives freshness to Mr. Washburne's version of the oft-told tale of the two sieges, is the fact that all the German States begged the United States' Minister to take charge of the Germans in Paris. He was thus, for a long time, when Paris was shut inside a ring of iron, the only communication—except balloons and pigeons—between the city and the outer world. Count Bismarck, exceptionally civil, allowed him to get his letters and newspapers, and to send out letters and sealed despatches, though he had refused to allow the rest of the diplomats to send out any but unsealed documents. True, the German Premier used sometimes to keep him several days waiting for his bag, when anything had happened at all favourable to France, while he took care that the much more frequent news of French disasters arrived to the minute.

Mr. Washburne had earned the gratitude of the Germans, of whom, when the war began, there were over fifty thousand in Paris alone. It was as it is now in London. If you went to have your hair cut, you found the operator was a German; if you dined in a Palais Royal restaurant, ten to one the waiter was a German. Numbers of them, men and women, were servants and nurses; numbers more served in the big shops. The French, maddened by reverses, which their lying Government had represented as grand successes, began to look on all these as spies. The Germans naturally wanted to get away; they were afraid of a massacre—afraid that some French Titus Oates would accuse them of a "plot." But the French Govern-

ment did not wish to strengthen the enemy's hands; for nearly all these strapping young waiters, and haircutters, and cornet-players, and counter-jumpers, owed military service, and would be at once enrolled in one of the German armies. So Mr. Washburne's "passes" were at first confined to old men, women, and children. Of these there were plenty; and, terrified, pinched with hunger (some of them had been boycotted for weeks), they thronged to the United States' Legation in such a pitiable state that, besides a "pass," Mr. Washburne gave each of them thirty francs for their expenses to the frontier. Of course, it was not his own money; the German Government gave him fifty thousand thalers for the purpose; but the pains he took were unwearied, and the amount of good he did was enough to reward him for any amount of pains.

Very soon French feeling changed; the coming siege began to throw its shadow over the city; the "Figaro"—always one of the vilest of French papers—began to call for the immediate expulsion of those whom lately they had refused to let go.

On 12th August, the Duke of Gramont "discovered" something at the Prussian Embassy, and at once sent off the architect, the maitre d'hotel, and the porter and his wife.

Upon this Mr. Washburne placed the house in charge of two stout-hearted young Americans, desiring them to put the United States' seal on everything, and in case of threats to "display the American flag."

Very soon General Trochu issued a general order for all foreigners to leave Paris; but nothing was done in the way of expulsion till the siege really began.

Mr. Washburne, however, was in constant request for other matters. When a German flag of truce was fired on—the Germans said this was done several times—Bismarck sent his complaint not to the French direct, but to the United States' Legation, to be transmitted to them.

When any of the French Emperor's family wanted to put their valuables in safe keeping, they would send them to the same place.

One night Mr. Washburne slept with a big bag of Prince Lucien Murat's gold between his mattresses. Such things were not always safe; one of Mr. Washburne's German pets, whom he had been feeding for two months at the Legation, disappeared with a lot of property, among it a valuable watch and diamond ring which an

American lady had placed in her Minister's charge. The fellow had wormed himself into everybody's confidence, and had found out where the cash and jewels were locked up.

Then, when Victor Hugo came back on 6th September, he stopped to make a speech under the "stars and stripes," and told the people that flag was a sign how easy miracles are to a people fighting for a great principle; and before the middle of the month no less than twenty-one deputations had "addressed" the United States' Minister, thanking the United States for its prompt recognition of the New Republic.

All this time the French "mobiles" were in a state of shameful panic and demoralisation. Not an effort did Trochu make to hinder the Prussians from surrounding the city. Well may Mr. Washburne say of him: "He was the weakest and most incompetent man ever entrusted with such great affairs, as weak as the Indian's dog who had to lean against a tree to bark." Under the old Republic such a man would have been cashiered in a week, if not shortened by a head; but the patience of the Parisians in 1870 is as remarkable as the wretched way in which their troops were held in till the iron ring was fast welded, and then were recklessly flung against Krupp batteries, and kept on icy plateaux till scores of them were frozen to death.

By the end of September, the spyscare was again in full vigour. An American hospital doctor was seized and brought to the Legation to identify himself. All the Consuls of small States, South American mainly—the Ambassadors, except Mr. Washburne, had all gone long before—came to put themselves under the United States' flag. An American clergyman, just come up from Marseilles, was sitting on a Champs Elysées seat, jotting down in his pocket-book the price of his last dinner, when he was seized as a Prussian and thrust into a filthy lock-up. There were plenty of real spies. Mr. Washburne saw one whose bad "make-up" could—he thought—have deceived nobody; "a youth with unmistakably German face, dressed in the uniform of the old Invalides." Not till the middle of October did the many Germans—mostly domestic servants who had remained behind, begin to get into trouble. Then, after being shut up for a month, the French began to feel that famine was within measurable distance; many, there-

fore, turned off their servants, whom, if they were Germans, the authorities clapped into prison. Mr. Washburne found seventy-four in Saint Lazare; indeed, he was always either finding Germans, or being found out by them. The Government of National Defence behaved very well: Gambetta—of whom Mr. Washburne speaks in the highest terms, upsetting, from personal knowledge, the slander about his being a luxurious spendthrift of public money—paying to send them out of France, so that the German thalers were reserved for feeding those who, through sickness or other causes, were unable to go. Of these there were by mid-December over eleven hundred, some of them in the last stage of misery.

There were noble, but rare, instances of kindness on the part of the French. A poor German died soon after giving birth to a sixth child; an old Huguenot minister and his wife undertook to provide for all the six. For those who still kept going away, Mr. Washburne provided "passes," visé their passports, and gave out cards which, by an arrangement with the railway, enabled the holder to go through Belgium to the German frontier. He also gave money-help to those who could not pay their own way. In this manner he sent out over thirty thousand; while many kept staying on, expecting the siege would be very soon over, and unwilling to break up their homes.

Every now and then, Bismarck did something specially exasperating. The French ships captured a great many German merchant vessels, and kept their crews prisoners of war. "Seize the principal men in all the towns we occupy," said the man of blood and iron, "and hold them fast till our sailors are unconditionally dismissed." That was like his having the Mayor and his deputy driven wildly up and down on a railway engine, when franc-tireurs were supposed to be hiding in any town.

Altogether the French behaved very well; the wonderful order, the way in which the police were managed astonished the American, accustomed to the New York rowdies and "hoodlums" and the normal insecurity of life and property in some parts of the empire city. No gas, no 'buses, no cabs; and yet "nowhere a murder, theft, robbery, or even a row. You may go everywhere at all hours of the night with the most perfect sense of safety." The only riot that Mr. Washburne heard of, was just at

the beginning, when a wine shop in the Avenue d'Italie was gutted because a wounded soldier who had asked for a glass had been charged ten sous for it. All through there was abundance of wine, and till the very last there was plenty of bread. Not till after the middle of January did the rationing begin—three-fifths of a pound for each adult daily; half that for each child over five.

"Black, miserable stuff, chiefly oatmeal, peas, beans, and rice, and as heavy as a pig of Galena lead," says Mr. Washburne. He never ate any of it. All through he managed to get fresh eggs (he had a hen or two in his garden); and the menu of some of his dinners—"oyster soup, leg of mutton, roast duck," and turkey on Thanksgiving Day—is a decided contrast to the fare of the Parisians in general. To the last chickens could be bought; they went up to forty francs apiece! Butter in November was twenty francs a pound; eggs, seven and a half francs a dozen; a cat, eight francs; a rat, two; dogs, from two to three francs a pound.

Mr. Washburne says nothing of the lectures and recitations (all the actors and actresses helping gratis): so strange they must have been in the dark candle-lighted theatres. But he notes that all through there were twenty-three daily papers—publishing, perhaps, the biggest amount of rubbish that has ever been poured upon the world; and he also notes the strange fact that the "Journal Officiel," and other high-class papers, took to publishing essays on Condorcet and Vauban, and giving the correspondence of Lee and Washington!

What astonished him most was that, up to quite late in December, the horses—cavalry, artillery, and all—were in wonderfully good order. They fared better than the poor, among whom by that time the mortality became frightful. One does not wonder that the "Red" papers called loudly for a rationing of everybody, and a confiscation of the private stores on which people like the Rothschilds made good cheer.

Had this been done, undoubtedly the city could have held out till the Germans were forced to break up the siege; for, though, had they attacked at once they might have got in without much trouble—"as easily as the Confederates might have got into Washington after Bull Run"—the defences had, by the end of October, been so strengthened as to be almost impregnable.

Stranger even than the good looks of the horses seems to an outsider the absence

of all attempts on provision shops. The people, when fuel grew scarce, pulled down the hoardings round vacant spaces; the Government cut down all the trees in the Champs and along the avenues; but only one day after the armistice had begun was the great central market broken into and every thing looted; the sellers had refused to lower their prices, and the people were starving. Till then it had seemed as if men of all views had made up their minds to sink their differences, and pull together in face of the enemy. Would they could have gone on doing so during the Commune! As it was, there were two or three attempts by the Reds to turn out the Government; but, when they failed, not a man was put in prison, and no one thought of putting any one to death.

Of the fighting, one cannot even now speak without horror—so many valuable lives worse than wasted; for every defeat made things more hopeless. The French fought desperately—raw troops most of them, Mobiles and National Guard. In the fights at the beginning of December, one regiment lost twenty-three officers. Some of these, Commandant Francheti and General Renault, were men whom the country could ill spare.

There is nothing thrilling in Mr. Washburne's story, except for those who read between the lines, and who have imagination enough to picture what it means to be cut off from the outer world for over four months (your only papers being the fragments found on German prisoners), with news of fresh disasters constantly coming in, and the poor suffering and dying in silence. Well may the United States' Minister, as he gives the "menu" of the good things he had for Christmas, say he does not know how he could have endured it for a week had he been a Frenchman. Then came that spiteful bit of "bounce"—the German occupation; and then ill feeling against the resident Germans—of whom Mr. Washburne was now feeding two thousand nine hundred—got stronger. Seventy more Germans had managed to come in without leave, some bringing money, etc., to their country people, and the police had much ado to protect them from the Parisians, and send them off to Versailles.

The Commune soon followed, its success being due to the seizing by one of the National Guard of the cannon at the Butte Montmartre. Insurgents who have not cannon cannot hope to do much in these days.

Mr. Washburne has no sympathy with the Commune; he speaks of its members as "wretched creatures, who found themselves the depository of an insurrectionary and lawless power." Yet he owns that it was at the outset immensely popular; over a hundred thousand people took part at the installation. Everybody believed that Thiers would make terms; almost every city in France begged him to do so. But he preferred war "à outrance" against his countrymen, while the Prussians were at Saint Denis.

Everybody knows the Commune's career: shells bursting in the streets; the terrible fire of Mont Valérien mowing down the National Guard as they tried, day after day, to come to grips with the Versailles troops; the overthrow of the Vendôme Column, "because the Commune, having at heart the common welfare of all people, could not stomach a monument which detailed the triumphs of a tyrant over conquered nations;" the burning of the guillotine in front of Voltaire's statue—what a mad dance!

Surely Thiers, who had not been shut up for four months, might have had a little pity for his countrymen whom the sudden break-up of the iron ring had thrown into such wild effervescence.

"All the upper part of the Champs Elysées completely deserted for fear of the shells," says Mr. Washburne, on the nineteenth of April. And, all the while, Thiers's bulletins were things to break a feeling man's heart. Instead of listening to any overture for peace, that little man of adamant—far harder than Bismarck—amused himself, and edified his country readers (I was then travelling in Touraine and Anjou, and read his posters in every village) by calling the Communards bad names:

"Those tigers in human form, those 'bêtes faves,' made another desperate attack; but our brave troops hunted them back into their den."

What a war!

Mr. Washburne was soon at his old work, getting Germans out of Paris. Only this time they were not real Germans, but Alsatians and Lorrainers, who preferred going home and living as German subjects to staying in Paris with the chance of being enrolled in the National Guard and sent out to be shot by the Versaillaise. Throughout he was treated with marked respect. When he went to Mazas, to see the imprisoned Archbishop, he took him

some newspapers and a bottle of old Madeira—both against the rules—but the Governor let him do as he liked. Again, on the twenty-first of May, Raoul Rigault gave him an autograph order admitting him to see the Archbishop just a few days before the latter was shot.

Here, again, Thiers's fiendish obstinacy cost "the hostages" their lives. Blanqui, the famous Communist, was a prisoner at Versailles; "Send him to us," said the Communards, "and instead we'll give you, not only the Archbishop, but President Bonjean and the whole lot of them;" but Thiers would not; and so "the hostages" remained in prison till, when the Versailles were in the city, and the Communards were fighting leaderless with the desperation of rats in a hole, a band of ruffians came round and killed them "in revenge." And no one can wonder; for the cold-blooded brutality of the other side, the cynical cruelty of Marquis Gallifet, the shootings at the Orangerie, left them plenty to revenge. Any day for more than a week before, had the Versailles shown the least dash, they might have come in and saved "the hostages," and prevented the burning of the Hôtel de Ville, and almost every other bit of mischief. But they had not a particle of dash; they lay outside pounding away with their monster guns—Mr. Washburne thinks the battery of Montretout was "the most terrible the world has ever seen; nothing could live under its fire and that of Mont Valérien"—throwing in fifty shells for every one that the Prussians had thrown. The Tuileries were just in the line of fire, and were probably destroyed by the Versailles shells. No one can tell.

It was a worse reign of terror than Robespierre's.

Every child who was in the streets carrying a milk-can was shot down as a petroleum carrier. There were a few real pétroleuses, no doubt; the famine of the first siege; the brutal hardness of Thiers; the hopeless disappointment of all the grand expectations of a reign of justice and brotherhood had maddened some poor creatures up even to that pitch. But to talk of an organised plan and an enrolled army of petroleum women is simple folly. A little kindness and management at the beginning would have given a very different turn to all this.

Mr. Washburne's account shows that the Commune was not so easily beaten after all. There was quite a week of desperate street

fighting. The Versailles would never have ventured in had not a servant, one Ducatel, in the office of the Ponts et Chaussées, gone out on the twenty-first of May, and hoisting a white pocket handkerchief, told the Versailles there was nothing to stop their coming in near the St. Cloud gate; he brought them in, in fact, and they at once occupied the Pont du Jour, and began attacking the barricades.

The Communards had expected that they would try to come in along the Arc de Triomphe road. I remember the enormous barricade just by the Place de la Concorde. Every passer-by had to stop and throw a spadeful of earth on it. Mr. Washburne says that it took thirty-six hours' hard fighting to beat them out of that big barricade, although they were taken in flank and rear. How many fell on both sides will never be known—and all that little Thiers might be President, till MacMahon kicked him ignominiously out. Mr. Washburne saw children, the oldest not fourteen years of age, dead in the Avenue d'Antin. They had been taken for petroleum-throwers; but, as he admits, "the innocent and the guilty suffered alike." One remembers how nearly the correspondent of the "Daily News" was carried off to the Orangerie—i.e., to certain death; happily, he saw in the crowd a Belgian attaché whom he knew, and shouted to him to tell the officers who he was. "I saw five hundred men, women and children, who had been arrested indiscriminately, being marched off to Versailles. The people hooted them as they passed; a well-dressed woman left the gentleman she was walking with, and struck many furious blows at some of the female prisoners. Large numbers of the National Guard were summarily executed." Several Americans were arrested. The Versailles swore that a shot had been fired out of an American boarding-house on the Boulevard Hausmann; the soldiers burst in, and seized a Miss Herring, a Mrs. Crane, and others, only refraining from shooting them because it was plain they were not French. An American merchant, Mr. Carter, was mistaken for a Communard, and captured by a howling mob, crying, "à mort!" Fortunately an officer recognised and rescued him. And so, after seventy-one days, this second siege—far more terrible than the first—ended in blood and fire; the firing of some of the noblest buildings; the blood of uncounted Communards—over eighty thousand were

arrested, of whom all who were not sent to New Caledonia were shot.

Mr. Washburne has, as I said, no sympathy with the noble aspirations of such members of the Commune as Gustave Flourens. He does not even mention the brothers Reclus, men of science, for whose release, when captured by the Versailles, all the learned societies in Europe petitioned. He is obliged to note the high sense of honour with which Beslay protected the Bank and preserved the national credit. But worse than his want of sympathy is the bad taste with which he describes his interview with Paschal Grousset, Minister of the Interior:

"I shall never forget what strange impressions came over me in finding myself in relations with such a man holding such an absurd and ridiculous title to consideration."

Why more absurd than that a rail-splitter should become United States President? It is strange how conservative many Americans become when they go abroad. It is stranger how fierce a hatred against anything like Communism has grown up among the educated Republicans of the Union.

Grousset was a highly-educated man, a young Corsican newspaper writer. He was Victor Noir's second when Peter Bonaparte shot him dead. Thiers and Guizot had both begun life in the same way, and, as to the Commune being "the tyranny of a few," Mr. Washburne confesses that, to his amazement, "the vast majority of the Parisians were not only in sympathy with it, but abetted and sustained it in its career of crime and blood."

Other writers have seen less "crime and blood" in the career of the Commune than in that of its destroyer Thiers. Certainly, the greater part of the bloodshed was directly due to him and to his fatuous and pitiless obstinacy. He would not make peace; he was determined to strike terror and to punish to the uttermost. Heaven forbid that, if such things ever happen among us, we should have men in power like him; for his destruction of the Commune did not end the struggle.

"Force is no remedy;" and, by-and-by, unless "capital" makes due concessions, and submits to the passing of a Poor law—"that Communist institution," as Continental Conservatives call it—there will be more fighting in Paris, and perhaps a repetition of the wild work of 1871.

APPRENTICES IN EAST LONDON.

A CENTURY or two ago, and who were more in evidence than the London 'prentice boys, always ready to defend their privileges and immunities? The careful and industrious apprentice we all seem to know; he marries his master's daughter, and is greeted eventually as "my Lord Mayor"; while for the idle one there is nothing too bad; from pitch and toss, he rises by gradual degrees to the summit of wickedness; for him the fetters of Newgate, and the rope that hangs from Tyburn tree. But with the efflux of time the race of apprentices has declined. The true apprentice, bound to a master in his craft, by valid indentures, and who will become himself a master, in virtue of good workmanship and without reference to the capital at his disposal, is but an isolated survival of an organisation of labour which has now well-nigh perished. And the great importance of early technical instruction, in the practical way of making things that are sold in the open market and in workshops where the practical wants of customers are studied as well as artistic considerations! all this has led to a desire for the revival and encouragement of apprenticeship, as a vital and definite means of technical instruction. And hence has arisen the Apprentices' Exhibition, which has found quarters at the new People's Palace in the east, where excellent technical classes in handicrafts of various kinds have already been established with much success.

No longer, then, we seek the London apprentice in Cheapside or Cornhill; but further to the east, where trades and industries are growing up, which may help to check the abnormal growth of poverty and destitution.

There is a good deal to be learnt at the East End; and nothing can be more strange and characteristic than the aspect of Whitechapel and the Mile End Road on this morning of Boxing Day, when dozens of street attractions compete with those of the People's Palace, and the Apprentices' Exhibition. Mile End is a marvel in itself, that broad open road, in itself wider and more imposing than any of the famous streets of the west of London. Here is a causeway as wide as an ordinary road, with a great border of waste ground on which a perpetual fair and market is going on. Halfway across the street stands out an old-fashioned wooden public-house

with flagstuffs and halliards rattling in the cold winter wind, and the whole extent of causeway and waste border is crowded as far as the eye can see with a moving, swaying, animated crowd of the most heterogeneous composition: but, taken as whole, of a dark and dingy complexion. And yet there are women gay in apparel, and with hats and bonnets of astonishing richness and colour; there are dashing costermongers with a half-gipsy picturesqueness in the rich silk kerchief and tall sombre hat of their Sunday attire; there are flaunting placards, too, from the booths and stalls; but still the general effect is dark and grimy, a study in black and white, with the white part left out. With all this crowd upon the festive side of the street, the "trottoir" opposite is almost deserted.

Along the road between, there runs on wheels a traffic as strange and varied as that of the causeway: donkeys and barrows dashing along at full speed; hearses and funeral trains; sporting dog-carts and butchers' traps, mingling with tawdry blue tram-cars and parti-coloured omnibuses. And here, by all that is remarkable, comes an equipage, the like of which could nowhere else be seen. A score or more of little urchins, ragged, unkempt, and happy, have chartered a pony-cart all to themselves. In age they range from four to fourteen, and the driver is not one of the veterans of the party; the old coster's cart is brimming over with the little imps, but the pony does not seem distressed—they run pretty light, these little gamins! You might put a dozen of them in a sack and they would not outweigh one stout Norfolk farmer or Essex pig-dealer.

Dense as the crowd may be, it is good-tempered and only seeks to be amused. Loud is the laughter at any little contretemps. The three-card men have an eager and attentive gallery of spectators; the purse-trick men are greeted with good humour and raillery. Orange peel litters the causeway in profusion, and great barrows of oranges, and trays of oysters, whelks, and every variety of shell-fish form the light refreshment of this great East-end "at home." From one end to another of this great crowded thoroughfare, as far as the eye can reach, there is no sign of a policeman's helmet. There are dark, damp courts and alleys opening out from the great highway, where quarrels and disputes are rife, and where half-tipsy combatants may be seen rolling together in the gutter; but nobody seems

to mind them: such sights and sounds are too common to excite either curiosity or amusement.

Of public-houses there is no end—or of chapels either; the entrances to which are curiously intermixed, as well as the announcements of services at the one and of drinks and amusements at the other. Here and there are solitary paved courts surrounded by old-fashioned almshouses, which, when they were first planted there, no doubt were quiet and rural retreats, with only a passing stage or mail coach to break in upon their tranquillity.

The attractions of the street are somewhat powerful, it must be owned: the hoarse cries of the knock-'em-downs; the rows of grotesque figures, whose battered masks tell of the inherent pleasure of bashing and smashing, so that to hit an inoffensive old guy on the head with a wooden ball affords a more intense delight than the gaining of oranges or cocoa-nuts. Great, too, are the attractions of the sly little lotteries; of the portable gaming tables, which often appear and disappear in the twinkling of an eye, always surrounded on the instant with a dense impassable crowd. But in spite of all these violent delights there is a strong and steady stream of people of all classes directed to a narrow gateway, where one outside is calling, in the true showman's dialect, "Walk in, walk in; the charge is only threepence. Threepence admits to all the attractions; walk in, if you please, to the People's Palace."

Foremost, of course, among the attractions is the Apprentices' Exhibition. There is music going on in the great hall; there will be a gymnastic show presently, with a concert to follow; dissolving views; and a general round of amusements. But for steady old stagers who have been apprentices themselves once upon a time, there are long galleries filled with excellent but unassuming work, contributed by the bold 'prentice lads of London. Not that all the contributors are formally apprentices, for, as has been already hinted, the system of apprenticeship has rather gone to decay; but anyhow they are all learners of one kind or another—a fair proportion, indeed, have been actually apprenticed by the Jewish Board of Guardians, a voluntary association of the Jewish community, which looks after the poor of the race with a zeal and judgment worthy of all emulation, and cuts at the roots of pauperism by putting out its

poor lads to useful trades. The system was once, indeed, practised by Gentile Boards of Guardians; but what it came to in their hands is told without much exaggeration in the pages of "Oliver Twist."

But here are the young printers first in evidence, with specimens of their setting, composing, and printing; and lithographic printers too, and artists in the same walk, with designs and drawings of merit. Another set of learners show the processes of wood engraving; and other young engravers follow suit with specimens of copper-plate, music, heraldic, bank-note, and other methods whether commercial or artistic.

Then there are bookbinders, showing all kinds of dainty covers for all sorts of books in various states and stages. And for the best of all these specimens—in which the progress of a book may be traced from its first appearance as a printed sheet to its final apotheosis in vellum, roan, morocco, russia, or calf, or to its more modest destiny in cloth or boards—there are appropriate rewards in the way of prizes, and stimulating certificates of merit.

Then there are the decorative arts, which have experienced of late years such an energetic revival, and which offer to the skilful and industrious apprentice such prospects of solid reward in the future.

Here appear the works of engravers on metal, and of wood carvers, with those of art decorators, and designers, with neophytes far too limited in number for the demand of the workshop.

And with them come plasterers and potters, and glass stainers and glass embossers and writers, with ornamental glass painters, and glaziers of the same, while the humble but useful craft of sign writers and ticket writers affords specimens of the show and blazonry of modern advertising efforts.

Of a distinct and distinguished grade are also the corps of instrument-makers for philosophical, mathematical, or surgical purposes—the latter grim and cruel-looking enough, merciful as their object may be—and these last lead naturally to crutches and wooden legs, from a contemplation of which it is a relief to escape to the specimens of instruments constructed by young opticians. Musical instruments come next, with specimens of organ and pianoforte work as well as the rollicking banjo and the martial drum.

As important as any is the class of cabinet makers, with specimens of all kinds of

furniture; and chairmakers and upholsterers, with many of the special varieties of the class from makers of perambulators to designers of coffins, have each a niche in the Exhibition.

General metal-work, too, is promising in the works of its alumni; and the jewellers and workers in precious metals have a class to themselves. Watch and clock-makers in embryo display marvels in movements, wheels, and escapements. And then we come to a display less artistically inviting, but which has its interesting side for the philosopher. "Model of a pair of pantaloons—Horse Guards Blue," gives the keynote of the young tailor's ambition—or, perhaps it is a tailoress, for in this department female handiwork takes its place. Then we have hatters, furriers, weavers, dressmakers and milliners, all of whom have specimens of their craft to exhibit.

Carriage-building, harness-making, the great engineering corps, with machine-makers of various kinds, show 'prentice work of high merit. Then we have draughtsmen and architects in the budding stage, with the building and wood-working trades—of high importance in London, and subject to more violent changes in the way of prosperity and distress than any other, perhaps; but here are those who mean to be the best workmen of their class; and for such there is never lack of employment. Coopers and boat-builders are represented, too. Finally, electricity has, justly, a class to itself with its instrument-makers, for whom the future, no doubt, has much in store. The young wood-turners, too, have their little show; with these a number of minor trades and crafts, each with something to offer in the way of 'prentice work. But the most taking part of the exhibition was contributed by the Palace 'prentices themselves, being a portion of an artistically-furnished drawing-room—cosy, comfortable, and attractive, all done from the design of the instructor of the class, and executed by those under instruction at the Palace: a piece of excellent work all round, which promises well for the future of the technical classes.

But everything comes to an end, even a Boxing Day morning; and with a glance at the fine Queen's Hall, where an interested crowd of East-enders are watching the feats of a well-drilled troupe of amateur gymnasts—they are old friends from the Polytechnic, which has given the new Palace a friendly lead—with the notes of the piano, and the clash of sabres echoing

in the ears, we find our way into the turmoil of the Mile End Road, where all the fun of the fair is proceeding as before.

A CENTURY OF NEWSPAPERS,

1688—1788.

IN the year when the timely advent of a Prince of the House of Nassau delivered us from Popery and wooden shoes, the "Orange Intelligencer" was inaugurated by the Government of the day for the promulgation and support of their policy. Precisely a hundred years later, January the first, 1788, appeared the first number of the "Times"; the century of newspaper history, the more salient characteristics of which will here be briefly noticed, lies conveniently marked by boundaries thus clearly defined.

The "Universal Intelligencer," December, 1688, was, in truth, but a meagre production: it boasted only two advertisements; a brief paragraph described the seizure of Jeffreys attempting to make his escape from his enemies; sixteen lines were devoted to Ireland; half as many to Scotland; and it was announced how, on the seventh of the month, the Prince of Orange, making his way from Torbay to the metropolis, slept at the Bear Inn at Hungerford. Within a period of four years, however, no fewer than twenty-six newspapers made their appearance; the rapid increase being due, to some extent at all events, to the additional facilities afforded by the Post Office, which, originally established by Charles the First, but interrupted by the civil wars, was put upon an improved footing when they came to an end, and still further extended in the reign of William and Mary. But no sooner was the Press emancipated from censorship at the close of the Revolution, than the Government itself fell under the censorship of the Press, and the result of the criticism, which politicians on both sides had to endure from their adversaries, became manifest in increased moderation when in office, and diminished acrimony in opposition; the Press, at length, ceased to be savage. The reign of Queen Anne, commencing March, 1702, witnessed a great development of Press activity; a law was passed granting copyright to authors; the first daily newspaper appeared; persons of position began to contribute to the public prints; but a stamp was imposed

on all newspapers, and a duty upon every advertisement.

With the reign of Anne, the power of curing the King's Evil ceased to be claimed and exercised by English Sovereigns. An advertisement was actually inserted in the "Public Intelligencer," May, 1644, to the effect that, from June to Michaelmas in that year, the King would discontinue, what is presumptuously styled, "the healing of his people," so that all were in this manner warned not to come up to London in the interval, and be put to needless trouble and expense. But though the ceremony of touching ceased, in this country, on the death of Queen Anne, the "Flying Post," April, 1728, announces, under the heading "Bologna," that the "Chevalier de Saint George Hill" performed the ceremony in his chapel. Dr. Johnson—when a boy of five years of age—was brought to town from Lichfield, and, with two hundred others, received the Royal touch, thirtieth of March, 1714; but his recollections of the ceremony in after life were, as may be imagined, somewhat vague.

When the country began once more to breathe freely, and Protestant ascendancy was established under Dutch William, the true value of advertising appears to have first dawned upon the public mind. In the "New Observer," seventeenth of July, 1689, appears the following announcement, bearing on the politics of the time. "Orange cards representing the late King's reign and expedition of the Prince of Orange, namely: My Lord Jeffries in the West hanging of Protestants; the ordinary mass-house, pulling down and burning by Captain Tom and his mobile; the Jesuits scampering, etc., with many other remarkable passages of the times, and effigies of our gracious King William and Queen Mary, curiously engraven in lively figures. Sold by Duncan Newman, printer and publisher of the 'New Observer,'" a journal whose editor was Burnet, the great Protestant Bishop, who wrote the "History of the Reformation," and of his own "Life and Times."

The earliest daily paper which had any lengthened existence was the "Daily Courant," which appeared about the year 1702. In the first number it excused its small size on the ground that it was designed to give all material news as soon as every post arrived, and that it was confined to half the compass of other journals in order to save the public at least half the impertinence of ordinary newspapers.

As early as June, 1695, the "Postboy" had been started as a daily paper. But these early attempts appear to have been by no means successful; and, in 1724, there were but two daily newspapers in existence.

In the papers of this period the foreign intelligence is the fullest and best reported; home news consists of vague rumours, hints, and obscure illusions, thus: "Tis said the Czar of Muscovy was at the Playhouse on Saturday to see the Opera." "I hear the revel in the Temple will end on Friday next, at which time there will be a masquerade." "They continue to say that we shall bombard Sallee in the spring, and so destroy that nest of pirates."—"Postboy," January, 1697.

The cause of this state of things was to be found, probably, in fear of the law, and painful remembrance of the ear of the censorship, rather than in any lack of curiosity or public interest in domestic affairs.

Strange titles were not unfrequently adopted. Thus, in the year 1700, a weekly newspaper was commenced under the title of the "Morning Mercury; or, a Farce of Fools;" and some years later appeared the "British Apollo; or, Curious Amusements for the Ingenious, to which are added the most material occurrences, Foreign and Domestic. Performed by a Society of Gentlemen"—a paper upon which the poet Gay comments as specially recommending itself to notice by deciding wagers at cards.

Quaint titles are to be found, indeed, much later in the century, for, in 1749, appeared a newspaper called, "All Alive and Merry; or, the London Daily Post," a characteristic feature of which was the jests which appeared in its columns; not, indeed, that they were of a very high order.

In 1755 newspapers appeared under the extraordinary titles of the "Devil," "Man," "Old Maid"; and later still we find the "Prater," the "Crabtree," and the "Busybody."

Among distinguished political critics of this period was the author of "Robinson Crusoe," which was first given to the world in the columns of the "London Post," and within forty years went through as many editions.

In 1702, Defoe was sentenced to the pillory for publishing a pamphlet entitled, "A Short Way with the Dissenters." It was, while confined in Newgate on account of this satirical publication, that he started a weekly newspaper, printed on four quarto pages, entitled the "Review of the

Affairs of State"—a journal which he maintained until the imposition of the newspaper tax some nine years later.

Early in the century appeared also the first of a group of publications which, though they contained advertisements, gave occasional intelligence of passing events, and, when the stamp was imposed, suffered equally with their political rivals, yet would not at the present day be accounted newspapers. Of such as the "Tatler"—commenced in 1709 by Addison and Steele, in which the latter wrote many papers under the signature of "Isaac Bickersteth," contributing, indeed, one hundred and sixty-eight out of two hundred and seventy-one papers of which the work consists, and in imitation of which the "Female Tatler," professing to be edited "by Mrs. Crackenthorpe, a lady who knows everything," appeared the same year; others of this class were the "Spectator," "Guardian," "Englishman," and the "Freeholder."

Swift used his ready pen on behalf of the Tories in the columns of the "Examiner"; and Addison sought, through the influence of the "Freeholder," to neutralise the injury inflicted on his party by the fierce invective of the Dean of Saint Patrick's. As a result of this continued war of words, the whole nation became politicians, and "our island which," says the "Freeholder," "was formerly a nation of saints, may now be called a nation of statesmen."

The "Spectator" (No. 452, 1712) thus dilates upon the general thirst for news which had been created and inflamed by the recent wars. "You must have observed that men who frequent coffee-houses are pleased with everything, so it be what they have not heard before. A victory or a defeat is equally agreeable. The shutting of a cardinal's mouth pleases them one post, and the opening of it another. They are glad to hear the French Court is moved to Marli, and are afterwards as much delighted with its return to Versailles. They read the advertisements with the same curiosity as the articles of public news; and are as pleased to hear of a pie bald horse that is strayed out of a field near Islington, as of a whole troop of horse that have been engaged in any foreign adventure."

The year 1712 was of great importance in the newspaper world of the day, when a duty of a halfpenny on every half sheet and a penny on every whole sheet—besides a shilling for each advertisement—was im-

posed upon all newspapers and pamphlets. The havoc committed among existing papers was very great, and many were immediately stopped. "A facetious friend of mine," said Addison, "who loves a pun, calls this present mortality among authors, the fall of the leaf." The authorities were however, disposed to extend favour to some of those who wielded the new source of power; and Steele, who had commenced life as a soldier, was rewarded with the situation of Commissioner of the Stamp Office. Despite his assertions to the contrary, it has been suspected that Swift may have suggested to the Government the imposition of this tax upon the Press.

After the first year or two, this duty was not exacted, and the Stamp Act may perhaps, on the whole, be regarded as having had a wholesome effect in purging the Press, and confining its management to men of character and responsibility. Among papers of note which were extinguished by the operation of the Stamp Act was the "New Observer," the editor of which, John Tutchin, had some years previously fallen under the displeasure of Parliament, and whose enemies eventually had recourse to violence in order to make away with him. For sympathy with Monmouth's rebellion, Tutchin had been sentenced by Jeffreys to be whipped through all the market towns of Dorsetshire.

"He is a young man," said the judge, "but an old rogue." Jeffreys raged at him so, that "no Billingsgate woman could scold worse." "I understand, sir," thundered he, "that you are a poet; pray, sir, let you and I cap verses." It was in reference to the brave manner in which Tutchin bore his frightful flagellations—as Defoe bore his punishment in the pillory—that Pope wrote:—

Earless on high stood unabashed Defoe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.

When Jeffreys was committed to the Tower by the Lord Mayor, his former prisoner visited him and enquired of him where his conscience was when he passed that fearful sentence upon him in the West? Soon afterwards a barrel of oysters was sent as a present to Jeffreys in the Tower; but when they were turned out upon the table, a halter fell out with them, which "so palled his stomach that he could eat none of them." The present, it was said, came from Tutchin.

About this period, caricatures began to find their way into the country, and the earliest English caricature on the South

Sea Company is advertised in the "Post-boy," June 21, 1720, under the title of the "Bubblers Bubbled, or, the Devil take the Hindmost."

These were days when every conceivable thing was put up to raffle, and thus we see advertisements headed, "a sixpenny sale of lace;" "a penny adventure for a great pie;" "threepenny sales of houses;" gloves, chocolate, Hungary water, Indian goods, lacquered ware, fans, etc., were notified to be thus disposed of, and the mob of the fair was called together to draw their tickets by the same means. Playful announcements, redolent of humour, appeared in the "Tablet," thus: "any ladies who have any particular stories of their acquaintance which they are willing privately to make public, may send them by the penny post to Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.: enclosed to Mr. John Morphen, near Stationers' Hall." A lion's mouth truly wherein to drop morsels of scandal.

The brutal character of the customs and amusements, too generally prevalent, may be gathered from paragraphs containing the intelligence of the day.

Skittle grounds, in and about Westminster were closed by order of the Middlesex Magistrates, as tending to induce servants and apprentices to idle away their masters' time and embezzle their money. Cock matches sometimes lasted a week, and there are references to bull-baiting, and, worse still, to dressing-up mad bulls with fireworks, in order that they might be worried with dogs.

Here is a characteristic announcement, at the close of the year 1712, unchecked by the duty charges: "This is to give notice that there is a young woman born within 30 miles of London will run for £50 or £100, a mile and a half, with any other woman that has lived a year within the same distance; upon any good ground, as the parties concerned may agree to."

Public combats between women were likewise exhibited; the precaution that each should hold half-a-crown in her hands being exacted, in order to prevent scratching.

Between the years 1680 and 1786, when the slave trade was abolished, the infamous traffic in negroes tore from their homes and transferred to Jamaica alone no fewer than nine hundred and ten thousand Africans; as a result, negroes became quite common in England, and altogether displaced their Oriental or Moorish predecessors. In the "Tablet," 1709, a

negro boy is thus offered for sale: "A black boy, twelve years of age, fit to wait on a gentleman, to be disposed of at Dennis' coffee house in Finch Lane near the Royal Exchange;" and nineteen years later, the home trade was still flourishing, for the "Daily Journal," September 1728, announces: "To be sold, a Negro boy, aged eleven years. Enquire of the Virginia Coffee-house, Threadneedle St., behind the Royal Exchange."

Notices of marriage were in the days whereof we write published in a form which would assuredly excite astonishment at the present day. For example, in the year 1731, we are informed that "the Rev. Mr. Staines, of York, twenty-six years of age, had been married to a Leicestershire lady, upwards of eighty years old, with whom he was to have £8000 and £300 a year, and a coach and four during life only." It will be remarked that several important points are in this announcement left undecided.

The following obituary notices are likewise of contemporary date: "Died, last week at Acton, George Villers, Esq, formerly page of preference to Queen Anne, said to have died worth £30,000.—Mr. Ridley, a paymaster serjeant, as he was drinking a pint of beer at the Savoy.—On Friday, Mr. Feverel, master of the Bear and Rummer tavern, Gerard St., who was head cook to King William and Queen Anne, reputed worth £40,000."

In 1731 appeared the first number of the "Gentleman's Magazine," which still exists as the oldest periodical in the British Empire, or, probably, in the world. At the period of its first issue, the actual number of journals published in London was twenty-two, and in the provinces, twenty-three, and it was started by Edward Cave, printer, of Saint John's Gate, Clerkenwell, an intimate friend of Dr. Johnson. If we except the meagre reports which appeared from about the time of the accession of George the First, down to 1737, in "Boyce's Register," the "Gentleman's Magazine" was the first publication in which—and only then after the close of each session—appeared a record of the debates in Parliament. Cave, with one or two friends, obtained admission to the Houses, and took notes of what they heard; subsequently adjourning to a neighbouring tavern to compare and amplify the record. The work of reproducing speeches from these crude memoranda devolved upon other hands; and in November, 1740, Dr.

Johnson—himself but once in the gallery of the House of Commons—succeeded Guthrie, who wrote a history of England which nobody ever reads, as writer of Parliamentary speeches for the "Gentleman's Magazine;" as he was himself followed, March, 1743, by a successful student of his style, Dr. Hawkesworth. These reports of the proceedings of Parliament were headed, "Debates in the Senate of Lilliput;" and such was the risk attendant on their production, that they were announced as published by the printer's nephew.

The story, told by Sir John Hawkins, relative to Johnson's report of a speech by Pitt, must not be passed unnoticed. Johnson, Wedderburn, Francis, and a party of gentlemen were dining one day with Foote, when a particular speech of Mr. Pitt was referred to as the best which he had ever delivered. As the chorus of praise subsided, Johnson remarked: "That speech I wrote in a garret in Exeter Street!" The company were lavish in their compliments, one, in particular, extolling Johnson's impartiality, remarked, "that he had dealt out reason and eloquence with an equal hand to both parties." "That is not quite true, sir," said Johnson. "I saved appearances well enough; but I took care that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it!"

We have now arrived at the era distinguished in the newspaper history of the period by the appearance of Henry Fielding, "the prose Homer of human nature," as a writer—zealous in defence of the House of Brunswick—in the columns of the "True Patriot." His merciless ridicule of the Jacobites, and vehement advocacy of the claims of the reigning dynasty, to which he was heart and soul attached, procured for him the appointment of Magistrate at Bow Street. Fielding died at Lisbon, October, 1754, at the comparatively early age of forty-seven, a victim to the irregularities of earlier life. On the day on which he quitted London for Portugal, he records, in his Journal, how the most melancholy sun he ever beheld arose and found him waking. "For by the light of this sun," he continues, "I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those on whom I doted with mother-like fondness, unhardened by all the doctrines of that philosophical school where I had learned to bear pain, and despise death. I submitted entirely to Nature, and she made as great a fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatever;

under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me in to suffer, the company of my little ones during eight hours; and I doubt whether, in that time, I did not undergo more than in all my distemper."

The year 1745 witnessed the commencement of the "General Advertiser," a successful at'empt to rely for support upon advertisements alone. Theatres now began to make themselves more conspicuous, for this was the dawn of the era of Foote, Macklin, and Garrick. But people had been thoroughly frightened by the great earthquake at Lisbon; masquerades had been forbidden by law; puppet shows, rope-dancing, and china auctions grew scarcer and scarcer, so that the gaieties and follies of the town ceased gradually, from this time, to proclaim themselves through the medium of advertisements.

In November, 1758, Johnson devoted a number of the "Tatler" to an essay on the newspaper people of the day. The journals who opposed the "great Cham's" party had gained an amount of influence very distasteful to upholders of absolutist doctrines. Quoting the sarcastic definition of the functions of an ambassador as a "man of virtue, sent abroad to tell lies for the advantage of his country," he adds an antithesis of his own, to the effect that a "News-writer is a man without virtue, who writes lies at home for profit." "Journals are daily multiplied," continues the Lexicographer, "without increase of knowledge. The tale of the morning paper is told in the evening, and the narratives of the evening are brought again in the morning, so that the most eager pursuer of news is tired before he has completed his labour; and many a man who enters the coffee-house in his nightgown and slippers, is called away to his shop, or his dinner, before he has well considered the state of Europe."

"Lord Bute called on me," says Bubb Dodington in his Diary, "and we had much talk about setting up a paper;" the result of this conference was that May twenty-ninth, 1762, Smollett, author of "Roderick Random" and of the continuation of Hume's History of England, brought out a newspaper called the "Briton," and it was no secret that the funds for its support were supplied by Lord Bute, who was at the time Prime Minister to George the Third. Eight days after the appearance of Smollett's paper, the "North Briton" came out under the editorship of Wilkes, supported by Lord Temple, and by Churchill, the poet.

Ere six months elapsed, the first-named journal ceased to exist, but the latter made its way gradually until in the celebrated number forty-five, Wilkes declared that falsehood had been uttered in the King's speech on the opening of Parliament, 1762, upon which a general warrant was issued against the authors of the libel.

Churchill entered Wilkes' room at the very moment when he was being apprehended, and only escaped in consequence of the presence of mind with which Wilkes addressed him.

"Good morning, Mr. Thompson," said the quick-witted prisoner; "how does Mrs. Thompson do? Does she dine in the country?"

Churchill was quick to take the hint.

"Mrs. Thompson," he replied, "is waiting for me, and I only called for a moment to say, 'how d'y'e do!'"

The poet retired into the country, and escaped all search. After a long debate, general warrants were declared illegal, and the Law Courts gave heavy damages against those who had arrested Wilkes, his printer, and publisher, under the insufficient authority of a ministerial order. Horace Walpole, in one of his letters, relates a pillory scene in connection with the "North Briton." "Williams, the ex-printer of the 'North Briton,'" he says, "stood in the pillory to-day—February the fourteenth, 1765—in Palace Yard. He went in a hackney coach, the number of which was forty-five. The mob erected a gallows opposite him, on which they hung a boot—a jack boot, alluding to Lord Bute's Christian name. A collection was then made for Williams, amounting to near two hundred pounds, and the money placed in a blue bag, trimmed with orange, the colours of the revolution."

The two following advertisements extracted from papers of the period, may be commended to the attention of those who are in the habit of expressing opinions as to the decadence of the British soldier, and the peculiar unpopularity of modern military service.

"Deserted, from the 16th regiment of Dragoons, William Bevan, aged 16 years, about 5 feet 5 inches high; stoops a good deal as he walks, and but very indifferently made; whoever apprehends him, shall receive," etc.

"The Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, commanded by Right Hon. Marquis of Granby, is willing to entertain any young man under 23 years of age, having a good

character, straight, and well made. Apply to the Quartermaster, etc."

Shortly after the middle of the last century, the "Public Ledger" was started by Newbery, of St. Paul's Churchyard, soon to number among its contributors, under the name "A Citizen of the World," a literary man, no less distinguished than Oliver Goldsmith. Chatterton wrote for both political parties; but the sums the hapless youth received for newspaper work, as shown by memoranda found in his pocket book after his decease, were small enough, thus:—Received, "Foreign Journal," two shillings; "Middlesex Journal," eight shillings and sixpence.

The excitement connected with the "North Briton" was followed, a few years afterwards, by a feeling no less intense, roused by the letters of "Junius." At this time leading articles appearing, as we now see them, punctually day by day, were unknown, and unpaid volunteers who commented boldly on political events, adopted a signature.

The first of this series of seventy letters appeared in the "Public Advertiser," on the twenty-third of April, 1767; and the last on the second of November, 1771. Though there is, even now, no absolute certainty as to the author, the opinion is all but universal that the writer was Sir Philip Francis. Lord Campbell considered the evidence in favour of the identity of "Junius" with Francis to be so strong that any jury would pronounce a verdict in his favour; and Macaulay and Brougham have alike recorded their conviction that, if Francis be not the author of the letters, no reliance can ever be placed upon circumstantial evidence.

In connection with the name of Junius occurs that of Henry Woodfall, printer of the "Public Advertiser," who, when only five years of age, received half-a-crown from Pope in approval of the correctness with which the boy read to him a page of Homer in the original Greek.

Garrick was one of the shareholders of this paper, and Nichols, speaking of it in his "Literary Anecdotes," says that it was regarded as freehold estate, and that shares in it were sold by auction as regularly as those of the New River Company. Between January, 1769, and December, 1771—during which period the Junius letters appeared—the circulation rose from seventy-four thousand eight hundred to eighty-three thousand nine hundred and fifty. These were the days when Fleet marriages

and the scandals consequent upon them were in full swing, and a number of the "Weekly Journal" states that:

"After an inspection of marriage registers, kept within the rules of the Fleet Prison, no less than thirty-two couples appeared to have been joined together within four days, though the Act of Parliament assigned a penalty of two hundred pounds on every minister so offending, and one hundred pounds each on persons thus married in contravention of the statute. It is reported that one clergyman, at least, makes five hundred pounds per annum of Divinity jobs after that manner."

The following is a fair specimen of the kind of advertisements published by these gentlemen:

"G R.—At the True Chapel, at the Old Red Hand and Mitre, three doors up Fleet Lane, and next door to the White Swan, marriages are performed by authority, by Rev. Mr. Symson, educated at the University of Cambridge, and late Chaplain to the Earl of Rothes. N.B.—Without imposition."

Dramatic criticism only found its way into the newspapers in the days of Foote, whose sketches of contemporary journalism, as for instance in *The Bankrupt*, *The Capuchin*, and *the Patron*, are exaggerated with much bitterness of temper and grossness of caricature. Prior to 1770, indeed, editors paid—in one case, at least, as much as two hundred pounds annually—for intelligence as to what was going on at the respective houses, and would reward the messenger who first brought them the copy of a playbill with a shilling or half-a-crown. It is said that when duly-qualified representatives were first sent by newspapers to the pit of the theatre and to the Bedford Coffee House, they were received with implacable hostility.

In 1782, Sheridan, nine years after his marriage with Miss Linley, "the fair maid of Bath," started a weekly newspaper called the "Jesuit," with the object of holding up to ridicule the Tory administration of Lord Shelburne, a course which resulted in an action for libel being brought against the printer. The Government, meantime, resigned, and the party which the "Jesuite" supported succeeded to power, Sheridan himself filling the office of Secretary to the Treasury. The prosecution was nevertheless suffered to proceed, with the result that the printer of the "Jesuit," who had nothing whatever to do with writing the incrim-

inated article, was imprisoned for twelve months without receiving sympathy or attention of any kind from Sheridan or his party, who were in the plenitude of political power. But it is time to announce the publication of the journal, whose appearance was to be the goal of this present notice, and record the issue, First of January, 1788, of the first number of the "Times," by John Walter, of Printing House Square, in continuation of the "Daily Universal Register," of which nine hundred and thirty-nine numbers had previously appeared. With the object of diminishing the number of orthographical errors, both papers were printed logographically, that is to say, stereotyped words and portions of words were used instead of separate metal letters. Much merriment was indulged in at the expense of the new plan; it was obvious that an assortment of words suitable for the production of a volume of sermons, for instance, would not avail to print a work on geography or a series of philosophical transactions, and it was said that orders such as the following would be sent to the type founder, "please forward a hundredweight, made up in separate pounds, of 'honourable gentlemen, loud cheers, gracious majesty, fearful calamity, alarming explosion, etc, etc.'" The new venture made no sensation in the world, nor gave any indication of future power; indeed, for fifteen years subsequent to its first appearance the circulation did not exceed one thousand copies daily. Although there was a notice of the previous evening's performance both at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, foreign as well as home intelligence, poetry, shipping news, and paragraphs of gossip, some of them somewhat doubtful in character, there was not a line in the shape of a leading article, nor was there any review of books. This advantage, however, over contemporary journals the "Times" always had, namely, that its price was threepence, while only twopence half-penny was charged for the others.

An admirable description of the "folio of four pages," the newspaper of his day, about 1788, is given by the poet of Olney, in the "Task," with which the present notice includes.

What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns?

Cataracts of declamation thunder here;
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wander lost;

The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,

And lilies for the brows of faded age;
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heaven, earth, and ocean plundered of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons and City feasts, and favourite airs,
Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits,
And Katterfelto with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

RED TOWERS.

By ELEANOR C. PRICE.

Author of "Gerald," "Alexia," etc., etc.

PART I.

CHAPTER V.—CELIA'S LOVER.

THERE was a small dinner-party at River Gate that evening. It was not a very happy evening to any one concerned, except, perhaps, to the Canon, who liked giving dinner parties. Mrs. Percival was painfully aware that her son Vincent had come back from his boating in a very bad temper. At first she suspected that this must be because of Paul, and that the secret of the engagement had leaked out somehow. But she soon perceived that Vincent and Paul were quite as little interested in each other as they had been at Easter. They were both watching Celia, to be sure: Vincent silently and sulkily; Paul silently and sadly: he had not yet had a chance of speaking to her alone, and thought this party a real piece of barbarity. He supposed they thought that he was made of patience. Then his meditations took the form of an admiration of Celia, which grew more ecstatic every moment. How wonderfully good she was! How unselfish; how kind! How prettily she talked to the old men; how sweetly she amused the old ladies; how amiably she listened to that awful ass young Jackson, the new Minor Canon, and even played his accompaniment while he sang a song full of "Darling"—the horrid fool—looking at her all the time. It bored her to tears, that was plain; for she got up instantly, hardly waiting to be thanked by the hopeless idiot, who was left standing by the piano, and came straight down the room, and stopped where Paul was planted behind a table. It was covered with some of Mrs. Percival's most precious curiosities, which he had been carefully examining one by one. Celia lingered a moment by the table, and looked up at him, smiling. He little knew what his lady-love really was, or the trouble in her heart just then, and he looked at her as if he cared to know nothing but his own love, and pride, and delight in her.

"It isn't all for money," thought the strange girl, trying to explain herself a little. "He is such a dear fellow. But he has stolen his eyes from some woman. His mother must have been lovely."

It seemed to her that she had forgotten Paul's face in the weeks he had been away, and had only remembered his other possessions.

"I shall be very happy," she thought, while he looked at her. "I wish this horrid worry had never happened."

"What are you doing all alone here?" she said to him softly. "Why don't you sing, or play, or something? Do—just to show that poor little man what singing is."

But a triumph over Mr. Jackson seemed to Paul quite unnecessary. Unlike many musical people, he was generous about other people's music.

"He's not so bad—except in his style of songs," he said.

"And I dared to play before you—I, who can't play two right notes. Poor thing, how you must have suffered! Why didn't you come and do it for me?"

"Next time I will, if it's Jackson," said Paul; and Celia laughed.

"Do go and talk to Mrs. Archdeacon," she said, and was moving away, but he stopped her.

"I have a hundred things to say. Will you come out into the garden to-night, when they are all gone? There is a moon—just for a few minutes," he added quickly, for it was easy to see that she did not mean to say yes.

A sort of pained anxiety seemed to put out the light in his face.

"Am I never to have a chance of speaking to you?" he said in a whisper, leaning on the table, while she turned half away.

"Oh, don't you be unreasonable," she said, with an emphasis he did not understand. "You must trust me—I thought you did!"

"I would trust you with my soul!"

"Then don't bother about the garden," said Celia lightly; but her look and smile were quite reassuring, and scattered his troubles at once to the wind.

After all, he did not know what they were. The engagement was still a secret; therefore Celia was of course quite right. Some girls would have defied the chance of being found out; the talk of servants; possibly the prowlings of that odious Vincent. His noble Celia was too wise for that. She had left him now, and was laughing with the Archdeacon over the cartoon in

"Punch." The light fell on her fair, bright head, and flashed in little sparkles on the shiny ornaments of her black dress, which made her pretty arms and neck look even whiter than usual. Her eyes smiled on every one; but so unaffected and unconscious was she in her happiness, that no one could have guessed that she knew how desperately two men in the room were in love with her. The Archdeacon certainly thought himself her chief admirer, though he half suspected a rival in young Jackson. That youth, evidently, was not good enough for her, and he himself was married. However, there was no harm in spinning out the interest of "Punch" as long as possible. Meanwhile Paul, a little shamed by the unselfishness of his love, left the table of "objets d'art," and went to talk to Mrs. Archdeacon, who received him kindly, and asked questions about Switzerland.

Poor Paul! Celia might well ask him to trust her, for altogether she treated him very badly that first evening of his return. She wished him good night before everybody, and went upstairs with her aunt. And then his disappointments were not quite over, for when he wandered out, in a very sentimental frame of mind, to the moonlit terrace under her window, he found that some one was there before him. Vincent, sitting in a garden-chair, smoking. Considering that the night was by no means a summer night, and that Vincent was a shivery Indian, Paul thought this the most ridiculous sight he had ever seen. Perhaps Vincent suspected something, and did not think the match good enough for his cousin; besides, it was plain enough that he did not like him. Anyhow, there would be no peace or freedom till Vincent was gone. Paul walked quietly away, giving up his hour on the terrace. But, thinking of the afternoon, and putting things together, he began to dislike Vincent as cordially as his kind nature could.

The next morning things were rather better. The respectable, old-fashioned world of Woolsborough was waked by its chiming bells to a Sunday of glorious sunshine, still, serene, and veiled in golden mists which rolled off gradually.

Paul ran down the broad old staircase at River Gate; all the doors were open, and the house was full of sweet morning air, and smelling of roses, though a little of autumn too.

The tall dining-room windows stood open on the terrace. As Paul came into the room, Celia too came in from that outside

Paradise of soft light and flowers. She was dressed in white that morning, with a knot of red carnations fastened at her throat. Paul's moment had come at last; and he could say: "Now you are all my own!" without being interfered with or heard by any one but his love herself. She was not demonstrative, certainly; but he thought nothing of that at the time.

"Why were you so cruel to me last night?" he said; but then she freed the hand he was holding, and pushed him gently away with both of them, and would hardly give him one of her red carnations, though he begged for it humbly.

"Dear, how beautiful you are!" said Paul, when he had got his carnation, and had become a little more reasonable, as Celia called it. "And I let you send me away for the whole summer! You will never do that again."

"Hush!" she said, for the footman was coming in with a tray. She was sitting now in a large chair by the window, and Paul was standing opposite to her; she had refused to go out into the garden. She did not herself think that she was looking at all pretty that morning; even Celia, as she rashly trusted to nature to keep her beautiful, could not be quite proof against the ravages of a bad night. But then, she never had a bad night: this was her first experience of such a horror, except the night after her father died.

"What are you going to do to-day?" said Paul. "Cathedral all day, I suppose? I shall ask old Chanter if he will let me play this afternoon."

Dr. Chanter, the Cathedral organist, a genius in his way, and an autocrat, was Paul's chief friend at Woolsborough.

"Will you give up the Cathedral to-day," said Celia, when they were alone again, "and do something for me?"

She was looking at him anxiously; some shadow of trouble had found its way into her eyes that morning, as Paul now began to see.

"What is the matter, dear?" he asked with sudden eagerness. "Of course! What can I do?"

"Oh Paul, you will think me such an odd girl," she said. "I am going to treat you so badly. I want you to go away to-day, to go off somewhere for a long walk, I mean, and not come back till the evening. Will you do this to please me, without my telling you why?"

One need hardly say that Celia knew the nature she had to do with; she knew that an appeal like this would touch its

highest point. Still, it was a hard thing to ask of her young lover, who had been banished from her all the summer, and had scarcely yet seen or spoken to her since he came to Woolsborough. Paul looked at her imploringly; her eyes as they met his were mysterious, and told him nothing, except that she meant what she said. He made a little movement towards her; but then the Canon's dignified step was heard slowly coming downstairs.

"Do you love me, Celia?" said Paul. "If you do, it is all right, and I will give you my life itself."

"Don't make conditions," she said. "I don't want your life. There is another red pink for you."

And then the Canon came creaking in, with his satisfied smile, and his half-confidential "*Good morning, young people!*"

Then came Mrs. Percival, really kind, happy and smiling, and breakfast was very pleasant, though Celia had just turned Paul out of Paradise. In her presence, Paul was a little shy with the elder people, and she herself that morning did not seem inclined much to talk; but Vincent did not appear, so that there was nothing discordant.

Afterwards Paul went off through the garden, and across the ferry, without a word to any one of his intentions.

When the Cathedral bells had nearly done ringing, and Canon Percival, looking very handsome in his surplice and college cap, had started off across the broad sunshine of the Close, Celia came down and overtook her aunt at the door. Vincent had not yet appeared; but his mother had seen him, and explained that he had a headache.

"I felt rather angry with him last night," said Mrs. Percival. "He kept you out too late on the river. It was hard on Paul. He behaved like an angel, though."

"He is angelic," said Celia quietly. "But Vincent didn't know."

"No; very true." As Mrs. Percival said this, she determined in her own mind that she would tell Vincent before he went away. "And where is Paul now?" she asked. "Not escaped to Dr. Chanter already?"

"Paul? I can't exactly tell you where he is now. He has gone off for a long walk somewhere."

"Really, Celia? How odd! how very unlike him!"

"Between ourselves, Aunt Flo," said Celia rather haughtily, and with a slight

effort, "it was not his own wish. I sent him."

"You sent him! Why?"

"You are clever enough to guess my reasons."

"You think Vincent will guess if he sees too much of Paul. Well, my dear, if he does, I think that it would be better so than that you should make a sacrifice of Paul."

But as she spoke there sprang a keen suspicion into Mrs. Percival's mind. Was there anything underhand in Celia's affairs? Could anything possibly be going on between her and Vincent about which the elders knew nothing? He certainly had come in very dismal from the river, and his behaviour all the evening had been singular in its rudeness. She quite believed that he knew nothing of Celia's engagement; but had Celia misled him in any way on that subject? Naturally, perhaps, Mrs. Percival felt sure that her son, and not her niece, must be the injured person. Women, she would have argued smilingly, can always take better care of themselves than poor dear men. However, as the deep shadow of the Cathedral porch received herself and Celia, Mrs. Percival resolved to say nothing more till the evening; and then, if things led up to it, to have an explanation with her son.

Meanwhile, Paul had left the city and river far behind him—Cathedral, and organ, and chapter; old elms in the Close; red gateways; beetling old windows; narrow streets full of smart shop-people in "Sunday garments glittering gay"; back lanes and courts, where dirty men and women crouched on doorsteps, untouched by the grand religious influences which for so many centuries had governed the town, deaf to the meaning of the bells that clanged from a dozen steeples in rivalry of the deeper chime of the Cathedral—the Woolsborough Sunday was left behind, only its bells following the truant for miles, that still autumn day, and the scent of the River Gate garden going with him always in Celia's red flowers. He was not thinking of much besides Celia, as he walked westward across meadows and through the green luxuriant lanes where blackberries were ripening, and leaves beginning to be tinted with the last glories of the year. He was not unhappy, and it never occurred to him to be angry with Celia, though she had sent him away from her for a whole long day. He was one of those people of a dreamy disposition, who can always be happy alone. The strong

passions and excitements of life, which they share with other human beings, seldom come to people like this without bringing them pain, all the sharper for their seeming indifference: these sleepy natures suffer terribly when they are awaked, but they enjoy intensely too. Still they seem to find their true happiness—perhaps content is the right word—in following their own pursuits quietly.

Before Paul fell in love with Celia, he used to tease Canon Percival a good deal about those dwellers in the back lanes of Woolsborough. He wished very much to talk to the Dean about it, and to have a Minor Canon sent out from the Cathedral, with a few chosen choristers, to hold an open-air service on the quay, at the foot of a certain steep dark street running down to the river. Then he saw in his mind's eye a procession headed by these choristers, in which all sorts of strange beings would beled gradually up the street, on across the Close, into the Cathedral itself. Why was that great church built, if not to gather souls like these? But Paul's arguments did not commend themselves to the Canon, who smiled blandly, and remembered an engagement. Mrs. Percival was much more sympathetic, and sighed over impossibilities. Celia, when she came, gave no sympathy at all. She would not even listen to such dreams, but quietly put herself in place of them.

Paul walked on across country, that Sunday morning, in a sort of vague golden atmosphere made of thoughts of Celia. He understood pretty well that he was sent out of the way of that sulky Vincent. He thought it was rather a pity, and could not quite see why the thing should have been hidden at all. If Vincent did not like it, what could that matter? It was no affair of his. Celia was not his sister; the fact that his father and mother had been very good to her, did not give him a right to be consulted. Paul's reason told him all this, but he would not have expressed it to Celia. He was obeying her wish, and that was enough: the time of trial would soon be over now.

Paul walked on through that peaceful, pastoral country, never lonely, though so still. The villages, which he avoided, lay to right and left of him; the deep meadows were full of cattle, feeding; the old red farmsteads lay half-asleep in the sun, in the middle of their loaded orchards; and the church bells answered each other across the stretches of shining, shadowy plain. He

had started before ten o'clock, and two hours' walking brought him to one of the most picturesque villages in the country. There was nothing new to be seen there; the houses, set, as it seemed, in masses of many-coloured flowers, were all built of grey stone, a few whitewashed—nearly all roofed with beautiful old thatch. The church and churchyard were set on the side of a hill; its small wooden steeple was silent when Paul got there, for service was going on. The hand of restoration had touched this church very gently, only helping it to bear its weight of years; for it was one of the oldest, and, to some people's eyes, the most beautiful, in all the country-side. Some one had planted a rose by the porch, which was now climbing all over the roof, mixing with the ivy it found there. The small, sloping churchyard was fenced with a stone wall, lovely in itself, with a yellow and green embroidery of moss and fern. Two old yews laid their heavy shadow on the graves, especially the older ones; out in a patch of sunshine were the newer graves, with fresh wreaths upon them. Behind the village, above the churchyard, the country suddenly changed its character, breaking into a ridge of hills, from the highest of which—a wild sheep-walk, partly clothed with bracken, and crowned with fir-trees—one looked down first on a very great house, in a park, belonging to a certain Sir John Lefroy, and then on a wide westerly view beyond, bounded by blue hills which suggested Wales.

Paul was rather hot and tired when he reached the little village. He crossed the stone stile into the churchyard, and walked softly on the grass to the entrance of the low, dark porch. He had heard the people singing as he came along the road; they were singing still, not very musically, to the groaning of an organ badly played. Presently, as Paul listened, they stopped, and the sermon began. Paul knew something of the nice old Vicar of the place, whose sermons matched his church excellently well. But this morning a harsh, new voice startled him unpleasantly. Some strange clergyman began preaching on the Creeds of the Church. Their days were numbered, in his opinion; but he spoke of them with a kindly air of patronage, and advised his hearers—the old blacksmith, the carpenter's wife, the waggoner and his family—to bear with them for the present: "till you and I can make something better for ourselves."

Paul, though a young Oxford man and a thinker in his way, turned impatiently from the church door, and was crossing the path on his way to the upper stile, when a man came out of the church with such hasty strides that he ran against him and nearly knocked him down.

"Mille pardons, monsieur!" he exclaimed in great confusion, adding thus to Paul's amazement. He recovered himself instantly, however.

"It is I who must apologise," Paul said in English. "You naturally did not expect to find me there."

"Mon Dieu, non!"

Paul was glad to find himself understood. He looked at his new acquaintance with some interest and curiosity, as they both turned off across the grass in the same direction, passing open windows, through which the advanced doctrines of the preacher still fell upon their ears. By mutual consent they were silent till they had climbed the slope to the stile beyond the church, which led to a path crossing the hills.

The Frenchman walked on a pace or two in front of Paul, who remembered, as he followed him, that the Lefroys were Roman Catholics, and had a good many foreign connections. This might account for what seemed at first such a strange phenomenon.

This foreigner was a good deal older than Paul; a man of forty, or rather more. He was dressed in an English suit of light tweed, in which he looked odd, somehow. But he was unquestionably a good-looking man; tall and broad, with a short, fair beard and fierce moustache, and particularly amiable, gentle blue eyes. In his younger days he had been considered the handsomest man in Paris. In fact, he owed his wife to his good looks and charming disposition, for he was a poor man, though the head of one of the oldest and noblest families in France.

When they had reached the top of the hill, he turned round smiling to Paul, and began to make another apology, this time in English, which he spoke remarkably well.

"I am perfectly desolated and crushed by my rudeness," he said. "I also disturbed the poor dear congregation, who were listening like the best of sheep to that oversetting sermon."

"They could not understand it, I should think, luckily," said Paul. "I came in for a few sentences, which seemed to me very ignorant nonsense."

"Well, I am glad we agree. You are perhaps a Catholic, sir?"

"No; not in your sense," said Paul.

"Well, forgive me. I shall understand in time. My catastrophe to-day was a punishment, I must tell you. Let me explain. I am staying at the Hall down there—with sort of cousins, the Lefroys. But you are acquainted, no doubt?"

"This is not my country. I only know Sir John Lefroy by name."

"Ah—pardon—well, yesterday evening there was a party at dinner, and a very charming English lady was kind enough to inform me about the Church of England, which she said was purely and simply another branch of ours. She begged me to attend the services to-day, and to judge for myself. We had our own mass this morning, of course, in my cousin's chapel. Afterwards I kept my promise, and visited the village church. All I will say is that I do not see much resemblance."

He smiled pleasantly, and shrugged his shoulders.

"But you must not judge by what you heard this morning," said Paul. "That gentleman is one of our new lights, I suppose. To me they are all rather illogical—but he is worse than that."

"Many people will not believe in a creed of his making?"

"I should think not—but I suppose he will be satisfied if he believes in it himself."

"And it is all like that. Then my pretty friend was mocking me."

"No; I don't think so," said Paul.

It was a puzzling position to be placed in suddenly, the position of apologist for the English Church. However, Paul was good at argument: and he had not to do with a bigot or a specialist, but with an amiable, liberal, and perfectly courteous man. They crossed the stile and slowly climbed the hill. Under the fir-trees at the top they sat down, and talked for a long time. Presently they heard the chatter and tramp of the congregation coming out of church, but no one came their way; they sat in the hot, still shade—there was not even wind enough to make music in the branches above them—and they talked on, passing from religious questions to politics, and then to more personal matters, till they had actually talked themselves into a sort of friendship. It was, of course, the Frenchman's doing; he was the most friendly and sociable of men; and he had

taken a fancy to Paul in the moment that they met so strangely at the church-door. It was not very wonderful. Paul was cultivated, he was thoughtful and clever, he was a little old-fashioned in his manners and talk, and he was not limited by any suspicion of foreigners. He liked older men than himself, and had preferred Colonel Ward, till now, to any of his younger friends, of whom in fact he had not many. With such men, if they suited him, he was not boyish and shy, as women often found him; or odd and dismal, as some men thought him. Paul, at his best, was a young man worth knowing, and worth talking to; but not very many people were aware of this.

Before they parted, Paul had told the Frenchman about his old home in Surrey; and the Frenchman had told him that he, too, had an old house of his own down in the west of France, but almost too ruinous to be inhabited, except in the height of summer. He also told Paul that his wife had died several years ago, and that he had one child, a daughter of fourteen; but Paul's confidence did not go quite to this length, and he said nothing about Celia.

At last they were disturbed by the clanging of a bell from the great house in the park.

"I must go," said Paul's new friend; "but first, my dear sir, let us know each other's name," and he handed Paul a card on which the inscription looked very splendid. "M^{re} de la Tour-Montmirail."

"Thank you very much," said Paul. "I haven't got a card. My name is Romaine—Paul Romaine."

"That is not hard to remember," said Monsieur de Montmirail. "And you are staying at Woolsborough? I hope we shall meet again."

He bowed, and then took Paul's fingers for a moment, smiling: then bowed again, and walked off with rather careful steps down the rough side of the hill.

Paul sat where he had left him for some time longer, gazing at the wide blue view, thinking of the queer encounter and all they had talked about. Then he suddenly found out that he was very hungry, and he left his hill-top and went down into the village, where he got some bread and cheese at the little inn, before starting off by a long roundabout way back to Woolsborough. If he did not reappear before six o'clock, he supposed Celia would be satisfied.

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